

BITE upon BITE;

OR, THE

Miser Outwitted

BY THE

COUNTRY LASS.



T E W K E S B U R Y:

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B I T E upon B I T E, &c.

YOU pretty young maidens, I'd have you draw
near,

Attend to this ditty which I shall declare ;

'Tis of a young west country maid,

Who rais'd her fortune by pranks she had play'd,

This maid she lived with a young 'squire,

She being both charming, airy, brisk and young,

He us'd his endeavour, and at last gain'd her favor,

And thus for to court her the 'squire begun :

You sweet lovely creature, if you'll but consent,

To give me your maidenhead, I do protest,

I'll cloath you my dear, like a lady of fame ;

In pearls and rich jewels my love shall be drest.

Be no longer coy, my dear creature, he cry'd,

But yield up your charms with a hearty good-will,

For when I've enjoy'd, I ne'er shall be cloy'd,

But I will adore and admire you still.

The thoughts of the treasure the girl did invite,

That freely her maidenhead she did resign :

But soon her fine beauty began for to fade,

Her belly grew big in a little time.

This maid was forced her service to quit,

Because that her squire was both gallant and gay,

She dare not make known, to her father to show,

But patiently wait the kind favour of fate.

She went to her mother and there she lay in,

In private, not known to the rest of her kin,

The child being born, and a daughter so fair,

They christened it Maidenhead, as I do declare,

Now daughter, says the good old woman,
I would have you ride up to fair London town,
And see if your Maidenhead there you can sell,
Pray bring it not back if you sell it for a crown.

Here's the old mare it is blind with one eye,
So take her and saddle her instantly,
With eggs and butter the hampers I will load,
The same you may sell to keep you on the road,
The girl soon agreed to take the young babe,
In one of the hampers the child it was laid,
This same Maidenhead, come before I return,
I warrant I will sell thee for more than a crown.

She rode all the day 'till the evening came on,
At length came three gentlemen riding along :
The one an old miser, was aged threescore,
He had a colt's tooth for he loved a whore ;
The old man he cry'd, you lovely sweet creature,
Oh ! where are you going ? I pray let me hear,
To London, she said, to sell my maidenhead,
For I am weary of it I do declare.

You are a sweet creature, the old man he said,
Pray what is the price of your maidenhead ?
She answer'd, Fifty pound is the sum,
And if it's here sold the money I'll have down,
Oh ! fifty pounds, replied the old miser,
I'm startled to hear you ask such a great price,
I swear sweet creature, you make my chops water,
For I'm for a bit that is handsome and nice.

So here's forty guineas I'll freely lay down,
She said I'll not bate you so much as a crown,
The old man said, if I must pay so dear,
I'll have the butter and eggs I declare.

Well, that you shall, replied the girl,
 So to the next inn let us jog away,
 But the miser reply'd, you shall lay by my side,
 My pretty sweet creature, 'till the break of day.

She answer'd, I'll have the bargain made fair,
 Your friends shall both be witnesses there ;
 Before that I do alight from my mare,
 I'll have the money I solemnly swear.

The other two gentlemen, said to him, sir,
 I'm sure for your fancy, you pay a good price :
 Says the old fellow, in wine being mellow,
 I tell you I love something handsome and nice.

At length they all four came riding to an inn,
 You Maidenhead to whimper she did begin,
 Oh ! what's that alive in the hamper I pray,
 A fine fucking pig, oh ! your's she did say.

A noble bargain said the old miser
 The pig in the hamper I likewise did buy,
 The inkeeper was sent for without more delay,
 To witness the matter, the old man he cry'd.

Sir I've bought a bargain, as you may see,
 And you to the same must a witness be,
 So witness the matter I pray as you see ;
 This damsel has sold me her Maidenhead,
 Besides the two hampers of butter and eggs ;
 And any thing else in the hamper may be,
 As she sat on the mare, the money was paid there,
 The girl said, sir, you're welcome heartily.

He lifted her down, and set her on her legs,
 Saying, Hostler, take care of my butter and eggs :
 Likewise of my horses I'd have you take care,
 Then next for the maidenhead, my pretty dear,

Then without delay, he made no longer stay,
 But the old man handed her into a room,
 Saying, My dear honey, you've got all my money,
 The rest of the bargain I hope to have soon.

As they were at supper and merrily set,
 The hostler, came running up in a great fright,
 Saying, Sir, in the hamper you put put in my care,
 You've something alive, I solemnly swear.
 It is a young pig. the old man did say,
 Go fetch it up here without more delay,
 For as I'm a sinner 'twill serve us for dinner,
 To-morrow, before we both go away.

If that be a pig in the hamper of eggs,
 I verily think it has got but two legs,
 For if I'm not mistaken, the man did reply,
 I think it's a child in the hamper does cry.
 The fellows a fool, the old man did say,
 Go fetch it up hither, and then I shall see,
 For I've bought the butter and hamper of eggs,
 And any thing else in the hamper may be.

The hostler then to the stable went down,
 And soon with the matter acquainted the groom,
 They went to the hamper and fetched the child,
 They found little maidenhead carefully laid,
 The poor little babe began for to squall,
 As they up stairs the hamper did haul,
 Said, fir, by my troth a fine bargain I've bought,
 The old man hearing the babe thus bawl.

He look'd on the mother, and thus he did say,
 How came this child in the hamper I pray?
 She said, It's my maidenhead, fir, you have bought,
 You've but your own bargain, it is your own fault.

They may go to the devil with the bargain, said he
 And you are a jilt for thus biting of me,
 But the money I gave you, I'll have e'er I leave you
 If this is your bargain, pray take it from me.

Not I, says the lass, you are not beguil'd,
 And I'll not receive it, no, not I,
 The inn-keeper said, pray take up your child,
 For you have fairly bought and paid for't,
 For pity's sake, reply'd the old miser,
 Pray stand by my side, for she's above paid:
 Nay, said the inn-keeper, the child you must keep fir
 No charge on the parish I mean to have laid.

The old man he took the child in his lap,
 The inn-keeper's wife she got it some pap,
 The child it did squall, the old man did et,
 His friends they did laugh to see him thus bit,
 At length in a passion he to them did say,
 A constable fetch without more delay,
 The strumpet, I swear, shall go to the mayor,
 The matter he'll decide without more delay.

The constable came, the girl was fetch'd down,
 To answer the thing to the mayor of the town;
 But the best of the jest, as for truth it is said,
 They made the old fellow to carry the babe.
 The country folks all flock'd to the mayor,
 To see the old man with the maidenhead there,
 And when she came in, the lass did begin,
 Sir, if the truth of the matter you will hear:

It is my first child it came by the bye,
 I dare not, said she, the father to own;
 The child I named Maidenhead, sir, she reply'd,
 My mother she sent me to fair London town,

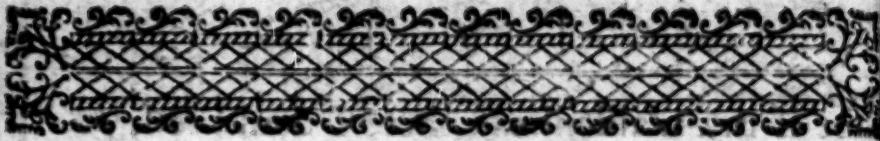
to see if my maidenhead there I could sell,
 and this gentleman bought it, as for truth I tell,
 as these gentlemen can my witness be,
 for they heard the bargain, and know't very well.

The old man he brings the child to the mayor,
 saying, this is a lie, fir, I solemnly swear,
 for it was her Maidenhead, fir, I did buy,
 Why then you've your bargain, the mayor did reply,
 do you think, I'd give fifty pound for this brat,
 O, no, fir, you are much mistaken in that,
 I thought for my treasure, to have had some pleasure
 or really I wanted a bit for my cat.

A bit for your cat, then answer'd the mayor,
 think a rare lump of flesh you have there;
 some gentlemen, the truth don't deny,
 may say what was her Maidenhead which he did buy;
 the gentlemen gave their oaths to the thing,
 and so did the master indeed of the inn,
 the mayor said, Old man, get a nurse if you can,
 and send the poor girl to her mother again.

The old man put the child to nurse in the town,
 and fifty pounds security he did pay down,
 the girl home to her mother with joy did ride,
 and shew'd her the gold---The old woman cry'd,
 think your Maidenhead well you have sold,
 for here's a fine sight of silver and gold;
 once so lucky you've been, then at it again,
 I do so myself,-----if I was not so old.

F I N I S.



T H E

CRAFTY MAIDEN

A new S O N G.

I ONCE lov'd a young man who was deeply in love,
And the falsest of young men to me he did prove;
His tongue ran so nimble, so nimble for me,
I find he'll dissemble,——so farewell he.

If I am forsaken its he that's forsworn;
And indeed he's mistaken if he thinks that I'll mourn;
I'll set as light by him as he does by me,
And forever defy him——so farewell he.

It's down in my garden grows Rosemary and Thyme,
And if he likes another let him please his mind;
If she likes his carriage and they can both agree;
I'll not hinder his marriage——and so farewell he.

I'll not sit by pining for him or his wealth,
His gold I don't value, I've enough for myself;
I can work, sing, and be merry, when occasion I see,
And can rest when I'm tired——so farewell he.

10 JUL 52

If any young woman a sweetheart should crave,
For one single penny my love she shall have;
But have a care that he serves her not as he'd have done me,
But I flew from those dangers;——so farewell he.

One evening he bought me a fine wedding ring,
For he thought to deprive me of a far better thing;
But he was not so skilful as a lover might be,
Forever I'll defy him——and so farewell he,